Volume LXXXIV CHICAGO, February 5, 1920 Number 23

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

The Social Evolution of Religion

By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

Foreword by JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

THIS volume presents a sociological interpretation of the origin and history of religion. It emphasizes the human elements in religion, that it develops with culture and civilization, keeps pace with social and political changes, and is to be judged according to the degree in which it produces a better human world. It accepts "the sympathy of religions," that religion is one with many types, and interprets the conclusions of the new science of comparative religion. This book, in fact, brings to religion a unique, perhaps a startling, exposition of it in the whole range of its evolution from primitive to modern society. It may mark a new era in the interpretation of this phase of human history.

THE STRATFORD COMPANY

Publishers

155 Milk Street Boston, Mass.

8vo, cloth, 440 large pages. $3.50 net. Postage, 20 cents

Sent to any address by mail or can be ordered from any bookseller

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

$2.00 PER ANNUM

ESTABLISHED 1878

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

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Vol. 1. March 1, 1878. No. 1.

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Ll. Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.00. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Francis L. Rossiter, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. Sunderland, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIV THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1920 NUMBER 23

Nationality is old, internationality is new. But internationality is the product of culture, the child of science, the creation of law in its larger application. The wise now know that freedom abides nowhere so long as there is a child of God enslaved anywhere. Liberty turns out to be slavery if it is the special property of a territorially bound nationality.

—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched.

This is Robert Browning's statement of his faith in the eternal verities, spoken at the moment when he stood face to face with what he called "apparent failure." Failure, he tells us, is only "apparent"—it has no real existence—it must in the end be absorbed by success, which may be defined as the universe vindicating itself.

. . . what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

To many of us, especially in this grim age, there is in much of Browning's optimism a certain quality of fatalism, which is repugnant, or at least difficult to accept. The idea of a God who "maketh all things well" by a kind of divine necessity, is not so easy to find in these days of Bergson and Wells! And yet do we not know that, at bottom, the great English poet is right? If things are not well today, they will be well tomorrow, if only because the creative spirit is still at work with infinite patience and courage. If failure at this moment is not "apparent" merely, but real, it is still failure which must sooner or later be changed into success, since man will have it so. Our trouble in the past has been that we have looked upon the world as finished, and therefore been tempted, according to our temperament, into naive optimism or naive pessimism. Even the early concept of evolution did not help us much, since it left the design of the world as finished, even though its outward fulfilment was still unrealized. But now we regard everything as in process; nothing is known, or finished, or guaranteed, not even the mind of God. What we see is a great struggle for attainment—a wrestling of the spirit for self-expression—a process of artistic creation, like the clay moulded in the hand of the sculptor, with pain, weariness, doubt, despair, and many failures. Certain in all this "creative evolution," as Bergson calls it, is nothing that has been done or even dreamed, but only the aspiring and toiling spirit behind it all. This spirit is infinite not in physical strength, but in patience, courage and steadfast determination. It grows weary, but never gives up; it makes mistakes, but tries again; it fails, but is not overthrown. What matters it, therefore, even though the worst happens?—the divine spirit is still battling for the best! Why despair because "darkness has covered the earth, and gross darkness the people"? The sun of God's holy purpose is still shining with unquenchable splendor! Things may be all wrong—all our hopes and endeavors may lie in wreckage about us—failure may be everywhere. But God lives; and while he lives, man will take hope and struggle on; and while man struggles on, nothing is permanently lost!

Information which comes to us from England brings terrible evidence of the starvation conditions prevailing in Germany and Austria. The milk shortage is already so serious that there is not enough milk to supply even the most urgent needs of infants, small children, invalids and mothers. Berlin, for example, which received before the War 1,250,000 litres of milk per day, is now receiving only 225,000 litres per day. This lack of milk is the determining cause of a death rate among children which rose 49.3 per cent between 1913 and 1917. What is true of Germany is even more true of Austria. Here famine has already appeared, and the extinction of whole populations is immediately threatened. And all this ghastly horror is the result not merely of the War itself, but of the indefensible blockade continued by the Allies after the armistice, and of terms of peace unmatched in history for wanton cruelty. Think of the exaction imposed upon the enemy of surrendering tens of thousands of milch cows to France and Italy, thus laying upon the helpless children of the Central Empires the sins of the fathers, or more exactly of the governments! Fortunately, more merciful counsels are now prevailing. The blockade has been lifted, and rescue societies have been organized in both England and America. Let those in this country who "love mercy" acquaint themselves with the work of the Friends (headquarters in Philadelphia), and give generously to its support. In this way is it possible most effectively to heal the wounds and repair the agonies left by the most gigantic and cruel military struggle in history.

UNITY'S list of men who advocate violence against those whose crime it is that they advocate violence, is rapidly growing from week to week. The latest addition is Major Montgomery Schuyler, who has re-

turned from Russia with such an abhorrence of Bolshevism that he cannot resist the temptation to become himself a Bolshevist. "If I had my way," says the Major, "I would shoot with my own revolver any man who dared to call himself a Bolshevist." We look in vain for any indication in this remark of that fine self-restraint, that noble reverence for law and order, which are supposed to be characteristic of America in contrast to the barbarism of Soviet Russia. On the contrary, such a remark seems to savor of all the horror of personal tyranny and cruelty, which we have been told to regard as the crime of Bolshevism. Major Schuyler, in other words, is himself the perfect embodiment of what he pretends to hate with such a perfect hatred. In his eagerness to shoot a Bolshevist "with (his) own revolver," we commend to him a delightful story told by Brand Whitlock, in his "Belgium," to a certain gouvernante in a chateau in the Ardennes where German officers were quartered. One morning an officer drew a revolver and said to the gouvernante:

"I have a notion to shoot you."
"Why?" she asked.
"Oh, simply because I feel like shooting some one to-day."
Then she replied calmly:
"Why don't you shoot yourself?"

The passing of the New York *Herald,* for eighty-five years under the management of James Gordon Bennett, father and son, one of the most famous newspapers of the world, is an event of more than local interest. It has a significance, also, of an ethical character, which we have not seen noted in any of the many comments which have been made upon this happening. In recent years the *Herald* was one of the fiercest and most unintelligent chauvinistic sheets in the country. When the European war came, it straightway proceeded to outdo even itself. Its abuse of President Wilson for his neutral position in the early years of the conflict, is paralleled only by this same paper's abuse of President Lincoln during the Civil War. Only with the entrance of the United States into the world struggle, however, did the *Herald's* full opportunity come. Then were the chains of its fury at last unloosed! The instant enslavement of America to militarism, condign punishment for conscientious objectors and political offenders as traitors, foulest abuse of pacifists, reprisals against Germany, continuance of the war till the German people were beaten bloody and senseless to their knees, a peace of cruelest vengeance, hanging and shooting-at-sunrise for all "reds"—this is what has filled the columns of this newspaper during the last three years. If Prussian officers had seized its plant, written its editorials and dictated its policies, its spirit could not have been more terrible. And yet, in spite of all the excitement of the War and its aftermath, the *Herald* won no popular support. Steadily during all of these years, its circulation declined, until yesterday, when Mr. Frank Munsey took over the paper, it was a mere empty shell. Seldom has the doom of spiritual retribution fallen more surely or inexorably. In the *Herald* was revealed, in all its naked horror, the essential madness of the War; there was here no cloaking of this madness in intelligence or sincerity, or noble sacrifice. The *Herald* had for years been capitalizing patriotism for its own advantage. When the War came, it overdid the business, with the result of ruin. There is a fitness in things after all. The American people have a saving balance of sanity. Ever since the War, the *Herald,* like the "error" of which Bryant wrote, has been "writhing with pain," and now, thank Heaven, it

Dies among its worshippers.

We have referred repeatedly in these columns to the rapidly accumulating evidence that the churches today are regarded by their sponsors and supporters as having but the single mission not of serving humanity, but of making the world safe for prosperous people. The whole business of organized religion is put flatly on a buy and sell basis—you rich folks give us money, and the church will give you security! Witness the following appeal issued by the National Committee, Northern Baptist Laymen (200 Fifth Avenue, New York City):

INVEST IN A PREACHER TO-DAY

RETURNS GUARANTEED

Why, man dear, there are thousands of preachers working day and night to make your city and your employees better, who are getting less than a thousand dollars a year. Your business would be in a fine way, wouldn't it, if it were not for the stabilizing influence of the church and its preachers, who put ambition and determination and love of honest service in the hearts of your workingmen.

Now, then, no unbusiness-like delays; write to-day and get the facts about this great investment from business men. Think of the good workers who will receive no pay envelope to-day or to-morrow—unless you remit "for services rendered."

We are waiting to hear from you.

So this is what preachers are for!—to prosper business, to stabilize public affairs, to keep the workers contented and submissive! Ministers are agents whom business men are to hire, in order to keep their business "in a fine way," and pay "for services rendered"! If this is so, then all we have to say is, that ministers are not worth a thousand dollars a year. "The crumbs from the master's table" are quite enough for them, as for the dogs! Seriously speaking, we count this appeal as an outrageous indignity visited upon the church and its ministers, and a perfect revelation of the trouble with Christianity these days. What we need is another "cleansing of the temple."

Romain Rolland's new book of collected essays, entitled *Les Precurseurs,* a kind of sequel to *Au-dessus de la Melee* (*"Above the Battle"*), has recently been

published in Paris. It is as yet untranslated, but copies of the original text have reached us in this country. It is impressive to note that this volume is dedicated by its distinguished author

A la Memoire
des Martyrs de la Foi nouvelle:
de l'International humaine.
A Jean Jaures,
Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Kurt Eisner,
Gustav Landauer,
victimes de la feroce betise et du mensonge meutrier,
liberateurs des hommes, qui les ont tues.

These essays, writes Rolland in his Preface, are "consecrated to the courageous men in all countries, who have maintained their free thought and international faith, amid the furies of war and universal reaction. The future will glorify the names of these great prophets (Annonciateurs) who have been slandered, threatened, imprisoned, condemned. Bertrand Russell, E. D. Morel, Gorke, G. F. Nicolai, A. Forel, Andreas Latzko, Barbusse, Stefan Zweig, and the young elites of France, America, Switzerland, battling all for liberty." More and more does Romain Rolland stand forth these days as the leader of our spiritual world. He is the true sucessor of Leo Tolstoi. Like the great Russian, an eminent novelist, he now appears as a mighty prophet, pronouncing judgment upon sin, and teaching anew those laws of love and faith which can alone deliver mankind. He names, as we have seen, the great spirits of this age; but to these we must add his own, as the one which, like Abou ben Adhem, leads "all the rest."

The Community Church and Its Critics

It is amusing to note some of the criticisms which are being offered these days of the community church movement. It is also very informing, for the impression which a new idea makes upon intelligent and not unfriendly minds, is one of the surest indications of essential strength or weakness. He is indeed a poor champion of any cause who does not listen eagerly and sympathetically to all that his opponents may have to say; and consider such queries and condemnations as may be spoken, with reverent attention. The community church is receiving today its full share of criticism. This means that it represents a vital cause, and is challenging the concern of religious leaders everywhere.

It will be impossible in this place to consider with any fullness the objections which are being offered to the community church idea; nor can all of these objections be listed. We turn for the present only to some of the more significant of the objections of its critics, and suggest in outline some of the errors which we feel to be involved in these objections.

(1) Most frequent seems to be the charge that the community church represents the organization of one more Protestant denomination, and thereby discredits that very principal of undenominationalism which it is supposed to embody. Here is a movement, it is said, which indicts Protestantism for its sectarian divisions. It denounces these divisions as a betrayal of the religious spirit, and condemns the various churches of the Protestant world for their failure to unite and thus become one great and universal embodiment of the Christian ideal. Then, as the very first step of its work, this movement, which so abhors divisions, proceeds to separate itself from all existing ecclesiastical groups and sets up another church of its own. Instead of overcoming denominationalism, therefore, the community church simply adds one more to the one hundred and fifty sects which now make the Protestant world a realm of chaos instead of order. The community church, in other words, constitutes its own best refutation; in the very fact of its separate organization, it undoes itself. It should be the very genius of this movement to work inside and not outside existing religious bodies, and thus by some such action as that of the federation principle, which is now beneficently at work, help on the great end of the unification of Christendom.

The answer to this interesting criticism is twofold. In the first place, the alleged sectarian character of the community church idea is apparent rather than real. It may be that, in certain places and under certain conditions, the community church takes on the form of a new denomination and adds one more to the existing number of churches in a community. But behind this community church, in such cases, is a new principle of organization which points the way to the ultimate extinction of sects and the union of all persons and groups into one great religious body. The denomination organizes itself apart from the rest of the religious world, because of certain ideas which it wants to propagate or certain forms of worship which it desires to practice. Even where such separate ideas or practices are not emphasized, there will be found to be present in the denomination at least a certain habit of mind, or way of thinking, which draws a certain group of people apart from their fellows, and encourages them to set up and maintain their own private religious organization. Now the community church breaks absolutely with this denominational principle. It shifts the basis of grouping from the exclusive doctrine of ritual or way of thinking, to that all inclusive idea of citizenship which constitutes the essence of our American democracy. It makes its conditions of membership identical with those of citizenship in the city or town in which it is doing its work. It is thus in character an inclusive, and never in any sense exclusive, body. If it exists apart and builds its own separate church, it is only because

the religious conditions in its particular locality are so hard and fast, and competition between existing churches so fierce, that there is no opportunity for the presentation of the new idea excepting in the form of a church of its own. The very planting of this church, however, is the first step in the disintegration of existing churches. Little by little, as the church commends itself to the people and its idea of inclusion spreads abroad, denominational barriers will crumble, sectarian churches lose support and approval, and thus the whole base system of Protestant division disappear. Once it is seen that the community church emphasizes the community and not the church as the central thing, and seeks not to dwell apart from the community, but to rise out of it and from it as the spiritual expression of its life, then it becomes instantly apparent that this charge of denominationalism is false.

Secondly, there is the pragmatic answer to this criticism. The great majority of community churches do not in any sense represent the organization of a new sectarian group added to those already existing, and thus contribute to the present confusion. It is only in certain large cities, where the Protestant churches still retain some strength and vigor, that the community church even gives the appearance of taking on a sectarian character. Here, to a certain extent, it is forced to take on the character of its environment, as the first condition of its survival. In other places, however, it creates its own environment and thus reveals its essential spirit. Community churches are appearing most rapidly, and flourishing most vigorously, in the rural sections of this country, and in certain residential suburbs of great municipalities. In the rural sections, the community church represents the amalgamation or absorption of existing denominational churches, and thus their complete disappearance from the field. A certain town in upper New York, for example, which four years ago had a Congregational, a Baptist, a Methodist and a Universalist church in its midst, and today has only the one community church, is a good example of that we have in mind. In suburban communities newly built and organized, the community church appears as literally the church of the community, and denominational churches, except perhaps in the case of the Roman Catholics or Christian Scientists, do not appear at all. In these places we have provided a habitat in which the community church may appear in its fully developed form, and in which therefore we can see it as it really is. Some community churches have predominantly no sectarian character. From the very start they are all-inclusive; and their organization either means, as in the case of a country town, the instant destruction of the traditional churches, or, as in the case of a new community, their non-appearance.

(2) Another criticism of the community church is that suggested by the statement that its field is limited to the community, and its opportunity of usefulness therefore very narrow. "The field is the world," has been the cry of Christendom for many centuries; and now, say the critics of the community church, there comes along a movement which deliberately shuts itself off from the world and ties itself down to the one and perhaps very small community in which it chances to be located. To serve the life of one's own *locale* is of course the first and nearest duty, as Thomas Carlyle was never tired of emphasizing; but to limit our service to our own doorstep, so to speak, is to rob ourselves of that wider field of usefulness which calls to us unceasingly. The church, of all social institutions, should be universal in its appeal. Its sympathy should be as wide as the circle of humanity; nothing human should be foreign to it. It is here that the denominational church has the advantage over the community church, in thus fulfilling the essential world-wide mission of the Christian religion. In innumerable towns and cities throughout the nation, there are churches of its own faith, and therefore members of its own family. Across the sea there are mission stations which carry its name and bear its message. Wherever there are men it goes, and there dedicates itself to the task of love.

From the more superficial standpoint, this criticism would seem to have a certain impressive validity. The community church is indeed exactly what its name indicates, an institution first and foremost of the community in which it is placed. Its roots strike down into its own soul, and it breathes the air and serves the need of its own particular habitat. But what of the community, of which the comunity church is to be regarded as the spiritual expression? Is this community limited to itself? Does it exist only for itself? Is it cut off from contact with other men in other places? Does it know nothing of world-wide needs, and hear and answer no cries from distant places? This may have been true in years long since gone by. The word "community" still has a certain connotation of remoteness and exclusiveness surviving from the time when town was separated from town by long stretches of forest or prairie, and the sea separated men by so terrible a barrier that such a seer as St. John felt that in a "new heaven and a new earth" there could be no sea. But all this is a thing of the past that long is dead. Our world today is all of a single piece, so to speak; there are no longer any lost communities. We are knitted together even as the cells of a single organism. The World War was a demonstration of this organic unity. An unseemly political quarrel, breaking out in a remote section of the Balkans, set all Europe aflame in a fortnight, and ultimately included all the five continents and seven

seas of the inhabited globe. No race, no nation, no community, no remotest village or hamlet, lives any longer unto itself. Each is bound by a million threads of vital human interest to every other nation or community throughout the world. The myriad strands of cable, telegraph and telephone wires, railroad rails and steamship highways which belt the world in countless places, are as it were a visible representation of the invisible bonds which hold us all together. Now, if never before, each place is an epitome of the whole populated earth, as each man is an epitome of his race. To plant a community church, therefore, in the community, is to plant it in the world. What mankind needs, yearns for, and dreams of in one place is the same as in every other. The community church, therefore, which represents the community, is the only church which is universal, as it is the only church which is humanistic. The Presbyterian Church is primarily Presbyterian; the Methodist Church Methodist, and so on. Each represents a segment and not the circle of humanity; each is a part, and not the whole. The community church, on the other hand, is whole in the sense that it is mankind not divided but united in the community spirit. Here, for the first time in this system of community organization, do we find in Christendom a fulfillment of Paul's vision of the many members and the one body. The foot does the work of the foot, and the hand the work of the hand; the ear is busy with hearing and the eye with seeing. But each member is serving the body, and together they constitute the body.

(3) A third criticism of the community church is the charge that it is not Christian. It receives into its membership persons who do not accept in any specific way the leadership of Jesus. Since it accepts as a member anybody who is a citizen in the community in which it is placed, it must necessarily include atheists as well as theists, Mohammedans as well as Christians, Jews as well as Gentiles. The community church, therefore, is not a Christian Church; and in this sense, perhaps, not even a church.

This is the one charge leveled against the community church idea to which the plea of "guilty" is gladly offered. The community church in its best estate is not a Christian Church, and can never be a Christian Church. In this is its community character gloriously emphasized, and its truly universal significance made beautifully manifest. The community church in method and in spirit is not theological in any sense of the word; it is simply and solely human. All men are its potential members, all communities of men its kingdom of God coming on the earth, all dreams of men the altars of its spirit. It would exclude no one from its love who has a need, or an ideal. It would take unto itself all men everywhere, whether they be "Jew or Gentile, bond or free." The community church is not a Christian Church, in the sense that it is that higher and more wonderful thing, a universal church.

And yet, is not the community church in this sense the only true Christian Church? For where in the teachings of Jesus can we find evidence of any barriers or separations? Very early after the Master's death the question arose as to whether the new movement set on foot by the Nazarene was to be in any sense of the word exclusive. The battle over this issue was bravely fought and gallantly won for freedom—the church was to be not merely for Jews but for Gentiles. Then, in the process of the centuries, the barriers of ecclesiasticism and creed began to be reared; and the church became like every other church, a narrow and exclusive body. To throw aside the sectarian conditions of allegiance to the person and teachings of the Nazarene, is to be most truly faithful to the spirit of his life, and to fulfill most perfectly the ideal for which he died. It was after Jesus himself had died that his followers were first called Christians. Who knows but what his spirit will for the first time truly be present among us again, when his followers cease to be called Christians!

These are illustrations of some of the criticisms visited upon the community church idea. These, and others like them, all have their origin in the fact that people look upon the community church in the way that they look upon every other church—namely, as an institution which is primarily ecclesiastical, and not social. Now the community church idea is distinctive, indeed revolutionary, in the sense that it is dominated by the idea that it is not primarily a church at all, but a community. The community, in other words, and not the church, is here the central thing. The community is the evidence of God's presence, the repository of God's truth, the realization of God's kingdom! Our Catholic and Protestant churches are all of them organized around the belief that they have something indispensable to give to the community, that men and women who come to them get something they cannot get elsewhere, that without them the world would be without the right kind of religion, or without any religion at all. Against this superstition, the community church revolts. This movement is the creative spirit of democracy entering into the field of religion. It is the people proclaiming their power and recognizing that God is "in the midst of them." The community church is rightly named—it is not primarily a church at all, rather is it a community in spiritual action. Like every other democratic institution —the state, the school, the social center—it is the work of men's hands, the instrument of men's hearts. Not the people for the church, but the church for the people—this is the secret of this new hope!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE PULPIT

Repression the Road to Revolution

By Rev. John Haynes Holmes

Text: *"Repression is the seed of revolution."*—Woodrow Wilson, *in Message to Congress, December,* 1919.

At the outset of what I have to say to you this morning, I must confess the difficulty that I feel of speaking on this subject with any degree of moderation and good feeling. I am an American who has flowing in his veins a double stream of native blood, which can be traced back three hundred years in this country to the Plymouth settlement of 1620. I was educated in the public schools of Massachusetts where I was taught to reverence the fathers who hated tyranny so much that they were not unwilling to take up arms against it, and drive it from the land. My grandfather was an abolitionist, whose proudest memory was his support of Theodore Parker in his battle against the slave oligarchy in the South. Inheritance and training have united in my case to make me a citizen who knows something about his country, and is quick to resent the betrayals which are visited upon her by the selfish and timid men who now control her destinies. When I see, fourteen months after the conclusion of hostilities against Germany, newspapers suppressed by the whim and caprice of a reactionary Post-Master General—when I see innocent and unoffending aliens set upon by minions of the law, snatched from their wives and families and deported over seas without trial, or any opportunity to meet and refute the charges brought against them—when I see citizens denied the most elementary constitutional rights of free speech and free assembly, their homes invaded without warrant, and their persons imprisoned without bail—when I look into our prisons and see some two thousand political offenders serving sentences aggregating a total of more than twenty-five thousand years—when I see a system of espionage established in this country which rivals in completeness and efficiency the famous secret police of the Russian Tsars—when I see five duly elected representatives of the people suspended from the legislature of this state because, forsooth, their views are regarded as "inimical" to the public welfare of the United States—when I see, on every hand, repression unparalleled in modern times, in any country even the most autocratic—I find it difficult, I say, to speak without some degree of emotion. I love America too well, and I value too highly her traditions of liberty, to witness unmoved the capture by Philistines of the holy ark of her covenant. Like Eli of old, who sat "by the wayside watching," my "heart trembles for the ark of God."

But there is another reason why I am stirred this morning, as I speak upon this theme. Let me tell you of two things which have happened within a single week!

On Saturday, a week ago, I chanced to be in Boston. On previous visits to this city, I had been accustomed to see a friend of mine, an Englishman, a college graduate, a speaker and writer of excellent ability, a man whose interest I had enlisted in certain religious meetings which were in my charge. This time, on inquiry, I learned that I could not see my friend, as he had been arrested, and was at that moment on Deer Island in Boston Harbor, awaiting deportation to his native land. That this man can be a dangerous conspirator against the government, is of course, impossible. I know, among other things, that he is a convinced Tolstoian, and one therefore who has made it a rule of his life not to use violence under any circumstances. It is true, on the other hand, that he has all his life been interested in political and religious movements of a radical nature, and holds opinions which are at this moment not altogether orthodox. It is this fact which was the cause of his undoing. In the famous raid, which startled the country a fortnight or so ago, my friend's apartment was invaded by officers of the law, his private papers and possessions burglarized, and he and his wife arrested, handcuffed together like common criminals, and dragged through the streets amid the hoots and jeers of the populace. Guilty of no crime, innocent of all offense save that of minority opinion, this man is now languishing in prison, without trial, without bail, and seems doomed to be banished as an exile from this land which he had chosen to make his home.

The second incident, which I would tell you, took place a week ago last Friday. On the afternoon of that day, I was called to the telephone, and heard the question, "Do you know who I am?" Such a question over the telephone always aggravates me a bit, and I replied rather sharply I fear, that I did not recognize the speaker. "Then listen," said the voice, "I can't tell you my name—I don't dare to do so." In a moment I knew with whom I was conversing—a member of this church, a native-born American, a person long active in the trades union movement, and in recent years engaged in the heinous business of visiting political offenders in prison, and raising funds for their defense on trial or appeal. I was informed by the voice over the telephone that its owner was in hiding, and I must come to a certain place, designated in a certain way, for consultation. I went to the hiding place, as directed, and on arrival was surprised to find my friend with a strange man, who was promptly introduced to me as a "private mail-carrier." "Private mail-carrier?" I exclaimed! "Yes," came the reply, "It's been a long time since I have entrusted my correspondence to Uncle Sam." In a few moments, we sat down together for conference, after due warning that we must keep our voices low, for even the walls have ears. And there for an hour, we conferred—and all under circumstances that made it seem like a chapter out of a book of adventure, or a history of persecution and conspiracy under the Tsar!

It is incidents such as these which have brought home to me the terrible discovery that America is today existing under a reign of repression and tyranny which is almost unparalleled in history. The things which are being done today by our government are an exact duplication of the things which were done in Russia in the days when George Kennan was writing his articles in the *Century Magazine,* and stirring the nation to indignant protest against the oppressions of the Tsar. In only one respect do we fall short of the achievements of the autocrats who used to fill us with such horror—and that is, that we have no penal colony, like Siberia, to which we can banish citizens who refuse to bow their heads beneath the yoke of tyranny. To many persons who support the present regime, it must be an occasion of ineffable relief that a bill has

recently been introduced in America for just such a place of exile, as the Tsar had so long at his convenient disposal in northern Asia. To some of the rest of us, however, these things are an occasion for just the same kind of disgust and indignation as we used to feel when we heard of their perpetration in Russia. It is for this reason that I find it difficult to speak this morning without profound emotion. And yet I would not spend my time in mere angry protest against the repression which is now being practiced in America. It is as easy to denounce as it is to applaud; and in the one case, as in the other, little progress is made toward the goal of truth. It is my desire rather, at this time, to put aside our passion, so far as this may be possible, and consider in the spirit of what Immanuel Kant called "pure reason," the seriousness of the situation which confronts us. More particularly do I want to point out the errors of fact and judgment under which our governmental authorities are now laboring, and the disastrous consequences to which these errors sooner or later are certain to lead. "Easy is the descent into Avernus," said the Latin poet. We have started on this descent, very largely because our fears have betrayed us into certain ideas which, in saner moments, we should know to be mistaken. If we are to save ourselves, it is high time that we discovered these delusions and returned to those elementary principles and ideals which were once the commonplace of our American thought.

In the first place, may I call attention to the extraordinary superstition that this government of ours is a perfect thing, that it should not be changed in any fundamental way, and that anybody who proposes such changes is an enemy to the best welfare of the nation. This idea, of course, in spirit at least, is nothing new. It is an expression of that orthodox habit of mind which identifies the ideal with the *status quo*, and looks upon innovation as one and the same thing with revolution. It is in religion that this habit of mind has been most prevalent in the past. The Bible, or the creed, or the ritual—whatever it might be in each particular case—has been presented as the infallible revelation of God; and anybody who has wanted to change it by so much as the dotting of an "i" to the crossing of a "t" has been immediately outlawed and in many cases put to death, as an incorrigible heretic. But this same orthodox temper has frequently made its way into politics as well as religion; and a constitution come to be regarded as sacred and unchangeable a thing as a page of scripture. In our time this has become increasingly difficult, owing to our habit today of thinking in terms of evolution. We know that in sociology, as well as biology, all forms of every kind are in process of change, that there is no such thing as permanency or stability, that one institution comes only to be succeeded by another and better institution. But every now and then this fact is forgotten, and we find the old orthodox point of view triumphantly in the ascendent. So it is in America at this moment. Our government is perfect, we are told. It is a work not of man but of God. As a distinguished politician phrased it the other day, "There is in this country a religious faith which believes in the divine origin of the constitution of the United States."

Now that such an idea as this is nothing but preposterous, we would all agree in moments saner than most of us are enjoying at this hour. Certainly the fathers who established our government did not think that, in writing the constitution, they were handing down tables from Mt. Sinai. They were undoubtedly resolved that this constitution, unlike the tables of Moses, should never be broken into pieces; but they saw with perfect clearness that it would have to be rewritten from time to time, and they provided the exact means for doing this very thing. Nor did they themselves lose any time in utilizing this means! In the very first Congress that assembled after the adoption of the constitution, twelve amendments to the original instrument were introduced, and ten of these were adopted. Since that time, the changes have constantly been going on. Slavery was inwrought from the beginning in the very fabric of the nation's life, but it was torn out by the amendments adopted after the close of the Civil War. The liquor traffic has been for centuries one of the greatest of all industries, but that industry was destroyed on Friday night of last week. The participation of women in the affairs of government would have seemed to our fathers to be the subversion of all decency and order, but we are engaged in consummating that revolution at this moment. Anything we want to do in this country, in the way of change, we can do. If we want to abolish the Senate or the Supreme Court, we can do it. If we want to supplant our republic with a monarchy, limited or unlimited, we can do it. If we want to nationalize all private property, we can do it. If we want to establish a soviet or communist form of society, we can do it. The only reservation upon our freedom of action is that whatever we do, shall be done "by due process of law." And yet the majority of people today denounce as unAmerican those persons who advocate changes of this kind; and call for their deportation, if they are aliens, and their arrest, disfranchisement, or exile, if they are citizens. The fact of the matter is that if we are talking about "un-American," it is these very enemies of change who qualify for this characterization. It is the reactionaries, the "stand-patters," the men who would repress with blood and iron the spirit of revolt, who are faithless to their country. Woodrow Wilson stated the whole truth when he said, in his inimitable way, "We have forgotten the very principle of our origin if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, even to the extent of revolutionary practices, if it be necessary to readjust matters. . . ."

But there is a second delusion, from which it is imperative that we should free ourselves, if we are to keep America true to her own best self. I refer to the idea which seems to be as prevalent as a pestilence at this moment, that this country belongs to some one chosen group of the people, and that this group has not only the legal but the moral right to exclude all other people from what we may call, perhaps, the common home. This idea, like the first of which we have spoken, is not altogether new. Certain white people here in America had the idea for a long time that this country belonged to the whites, and that if a man had a black skin he did not count; we corrected this idea in the bloody days of the Civil War. There are still persons who believe that this country belongs to men, and not to women; we are giving these persons some much needed education at the present moment. And now there appear great hosts of people who contend that America is the private and exclusive possession of certain citizens who can measure

up to a certain standard of political and economic opinion. If you have certain ideas, you are anAmerican; if you have certain other ideas, you are not an American but an outlaw! If you are an I. W. W., for example, you can be cast into prison, driven into forests and deserts, shot down like a dog by a sheriff's posse. If you are a Communist, you are automatically a criminal, entitled to no trial, and can be deported over seas. If you are a Socialist, you can have your representative excluded from the Assembly at Albany, and your rights to citizenship forfeited by law. America, in other words, belongs by some kind of divine right, to those who hold to the capitalistic creed, just as the Christian Church is supposed to belong to those who hold to the Nicene or the Apostle's Creed. God is declared to be at work here, as when he "set a mark upon Cain," and drove him forth "a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth."

Now that such a claim of private possession, of divine right, is as ridiculous as it is iniquitous, is attested by every precedent and tradition of our history. Abraham Lincoln stated the fact when he said, "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it." This means, let it be noted, that this country, with its institutions," belongs to the minority as well as to the majority, to the heterodox as well as to the orthodox. There is no right, either in law or ethics here in America, by which one citizen can single out another citizen who is not a convicted criminal, and banish him from privilege or favor. This country does not belong to any one man, be he the Attorney General of the United States, or any group of men, be they the Republicans in the New York legislature, to be protected, like a piece of private property, from the ideas or legal actions of other men. "This country, with its institutions," belongs to us all —to the majority, to keep itself a majority, if it can; to the minority, to convert itself if possible from a minority into a majority. The poorest citizen as well as the richest, the Socialist as well as the capitalist, the Communist as well as the individualist—all are equal in their common ownership of the country which they "inhabit." If even "the least of these" is by repression denied his heritage, then is America no longer America!

(*Continued.*)

HILLS OF CHILDHOOD.

Jesus went up in the hills to pray,
Did He?
Sure, and I can't do that;
Here with Pat, bless him—
Down on his back for more than a year
Ever since the wreck on the "Q,"
With taking in washing every day,
All I can do
Is to steal around to old St. Bridget's
On Seventh Avenue.
And do you think the Lord minds?
Faith, the hills are beautiful green.

ARTHUR B. HEEB.

CONTRIBUTED

Francois Babeuf, the Pioneer Socialist, Whose Plan Lenin and Trotsky Seem to Follow

Revolutionary Socialism had its birth in the throes of the French Revolution. The great French writers, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, performed a great unsettling work which freed the men of 1789 from the cramping hand of tradition upon their brain, and they burst the bonds of ages of oppression. Strange new ideas became the possession of the people during the days from 1789 to 1796. They were the old religious ideas of equality and communism as taught by Jesus and many of his followers, but plus a scientific and revolutionary impetus. One has but to study the writings and speeches of the revolutionary leaders to see how thoroughly they frame the ideas of modern socialism. Take even Robespierre, in the earlier days, ere his vanity and ambition had made him a traitor to the people, the Robespierre of 1791 says, "The food necessary for the people is as sacred as life itself. All that is necessary to preserve life is property common to the whole of society. It is only what is in excess of this that may become private property, and may be given up to the industrial activities of the traders." Of course this is not socialism, but it shows how near to it even the middle-class leaders of the Revolution came in their philosophy.

The three real, over-towering leaders of the proletariat, the brains of the "Fourth Estate," were Marat, Chaumette and Babeuf. Marat in 1793, in answer to the middle-class attacks upon himself and followers, said, "We wish the citizens, even to the poorest, may enjoy comfort and happiness. You say we attack property, and we ask what is the most sacred property? Is it not that of existence? This is the property we wish to respect. Our call is for all who have not 100,000 livres (about $18,000) of property to unite with. As for those who have more let them cry out as much as they wish, we say to them, we are the greater number, we shall take possession; if you do not join with us to turn the wheel, we will turn you from the Republic, take possession of your property and divide it among the *sans-culottes.*"

Here we have the bold revolutionary utterance, the clear statement of a purpose of expropriating the well-to-do, and it shows the settled purpose Marat had in his mind, and which he was steadily leading the Republic toward. It is no wonder that within a few months this bold, brainy leader fell a victim to the bourgeois assassin's knife.

Chaumette was one with Marat, and because of that he was, with the extreme leaders of lesser ability, put to the knife by Robespierre and Danton. After Robespierre's treachery had slain all the leaders of the people, and he himself had been slain, there was but one man with the ability to make trouble for the policy of reaction that was becoming dominant. That was Francois Noel Babeuf. Babeuf was born in 1764; his father was a major in the Austrian army, a man of large intelligence and who took great pains to educate his son. This father died when Francois was sixteen, but the lad was well founded and soon became a land surveyor. Twenty-five years of age

when the revolution broke out, Babeuf used an able pen against the feudal regime; he was arrested and imprisoned till rescued by Marat. When all the rest of the leaders had fallen, this brave soul began the publication of his journal, *The Tribune of the People,* and he began his campaign for the restoration of the constitution of 1793 and the abolition of private property. This paper can well be called the first Socialist journal. Babeuf was arrested and imprisoned. When finally released, Babeuf was convinced that there was no chance for the policy of open agitation and organization, so he worked to overthrow the Directory and re-establish the legislative policies of Marat, by the organization of a secret society called "The Society of Equals." The Committee of Insurrection consisted of Bafeuf, Darthe, Lebon, Marechal, Lepelletier, Antonelle, Buonarroti, all able, fearless men. The time of uprising was nearly ripe, 17,000 armed and trained men were ready, and then on May 10, 1796, the traitor appears, the movement is betrayed, the leaders arrested. Babeuf and Darthe were condemned to death and the rest exiled from France. Babeuf and Darthe upon conviction stabbed themselves to death, Babeuf's last words being "I wrap myself into virtuous slumber." Babeuf was the pioneer Socialist, his paper was the first Socialist organ, and his "Charter of Equality" was the first socialist manifesto. The Manifesto of 1848 is but a worked over, enlarged and scientific statement of what Babeuf had in mind. The leading articles in Babeuf's Charter of Equality run thus:

1. Nature has given to each individual an equal right to the enjoyment of the goods of life.
2. The end of Society is to defend this equality, and to augment, by the co-operation of all, the common enjoyments of all.
3. Nature has imposed on each person the obligation to work; nobody can without crime, evade his share of the common labor.
4. In a true Society there will be neither rich or poor.

Following the Charter came the Economic Decrees, which run—

1. There will be established in the Republic a Grand National Community.
2. The right of succession, either by will or inheritance, will be abolished.
3. In each Commune the citizens will be divided by classes, according to useful arts and trades, each class to include the persons of that art or trade.
4. Each class shall select magistrates to direct the work.
5. The law of the people shall determine the daily duration of labor.

Babeuf's documents provided for the division of the republic into regions, and made elaborate, statesmanlike laws which it proposes to the people for adoption. Not since the laws of Moses in the working class Hebrew Republic had the world seen so clear a plan for a working class national government.

So far as one is able to ascertain the exact status of the Soviet government in Russia, it seems a carrying out of the primitive plan of Babeuf rather than the more carefully developed plan of Marx. Lenin and Trotsky seem to have adopted the Babeufian Charter of Equals, and their program of political power carries out his economic degrees. In the light of the Russian experiment the history and ideas of Babeuf become of startling interest to all. A socialist revolution in the more highly organized nations might follow Marx more closely, but it is evident that the Russian Soviet government follows Babeuf rather than Marx.

ROWLAND D. SAWYER.

New Zealand Impressions

In these days it is very difficult to get out of one country into another, even within the British Empire. Every traveler is regarded with suspicion—he must everywhere and in duplicate show his identity, his intentions, his history, his family names and antecedents, his harmlessness as the prospective guest of the land he desires to enter. Passports even do not commence to suffice. Everywhere the red tape is very, very red and is very, very long. Nobody trusts anybody these days—officialism is a legacy of the war. Customs people, police, military officials, consuls must all be interviewed at every new lap in an international journey. Forms are filled up and endless fuss follows you. So, as usual, when we recently arrived in the harbor of Wellington, New Zealand, we were met on the ship by various officials who made us answer questions and subscribe to various forms. But little New Zealand had some new literature to spring upon us, and some new questions to ask, although we had thought we knew it all. Thus, apparently in lieu of the familiar inquiry, "Are you married?" the paper asked, "What is your conjugal condition?" I rather flippantly answered, "Happy," which reply somewhat flabbergasted my courteous official whilst it amused him. A new and unexpected verbal interrogation was, "Do you always wear spectacles?" We were sorely tempted to respond, "Yes, except when we sleep," but forebore. Official dignity and condescension have their limitations and we were only aliens in a far away corner of the world. Next in turn was the test as to our being able to read and write, and as numerous very efficient looking fellow passengers had been marched over to the solemn gentleman who presided over that matter, and as I am a wretched speller, I looked forward with high anticipation to a good time with him; but at the last moment, to my sincere grief, we were whisked by him and "shooed" out on to the deck as being suitable to land on the rock-ribbed shores of New Zealand.

People in this part of the world call Wellington "Windy Wellington," and it deserves the name. The day of our arrival was bitingly cold, the dark clouds lowered over the mountains behind the city, the green waves were lashed into white foam as they rushed by our ship, while she tugged at her anchor, in quarantine. The harbor is one of the most beautiful in the world.

The passengers wandered around restlessly. Some were from warm climates and were wrapped in their great coats up to their chins, others from colder lands discarded their vests, and with blue fingers and noses tried to look happy. Some crowded into social hall. A group of gamblers squatted round a rug on the deck and passed to one another one pound notes or silver coin as the game progressed. Others looked on. I have frequently seen Chinamen under similar circumstances but never white men.

New Zealand is almost 1,200 miles in length and there are few places where you can get more than 60 miles from the sea. Auckland at the north has a very much warmer climate than Dunedin in the south. The two islands are mountainous and the Southern Alps of the South Island are very fine. The population is estimated at 1,200,000 and the largest city, Auckland, is reckoned at having 100,000. The cities

and towns are very attractive, with their modest homes, mostly of one story, and with red tiled roofs. The architecture of the cities is essentially English. The shops are busy and prices seem somewhat higher than in London or America. The people are largely of British or Scotch descent.

We were in the Dominion in the full tide of the glory of the spring. Yellow is the color of New Zealand as it is the color of California. The exquisite yellow lupin was a delight where it covered wild field and hillside, whilst the great masses of broom and gorse were like burnished gold in the brilliant sunlight. In spots huge Easter lilies grew wild like weeds. The flax was being dried over acres of land close by the uncut flax that, in some places for miles lifted its sharp-pointed leaves six feet into the air. I recall the beauty of the Taranaki Coast whither some of my work called me. For a few days we had to motor through a country rich in pastoral scenes, whilst Mt. Egmont, over 8,000 feet in altitude, benignantly looked down upon us over the lovely land through which we sped. Egmont is a splendid reproduction of Fuji, in Japan, and is most symmetrical in form, with a cone that is gloriously crowned with purest snow.

Every New Zealander is proud of Rotorua, which is a second Yellowstone Park. There are the pretty public gardens, the picturesque lake, the hot baths, the geysers playing nearly 100 feet high, the cauldrons of boiling mud. The modest seaside resorts have a positive charm after the unwieldy beauty places at which Americans so frequently resort.

Many of the small seaports of New Zealand are delightful—very active and very picturesque. I particularly recall Wanganui as a sample of its kind. It is a clean, new town of over 20,000 people, close by a winding river encompassed by steep hills. There is the pretty little Hotel Braeburn, affording lovely views up and down the stream, and creature comforts not always met with in this land of thrift and plenty.

Traveling in New Zealand is not an unmitigated joy. A New Zealander was once talking to me about their state owned railways, and, as their intelligent people always do, I believe, was bitterly commenting on their unsatisfactory service. "They are a disgrace to New Zealand," he exclaimed.

"Have you heard the American skit on our railways?" he inquired. I answered, "No." Then he told the story: An American on a train asked, "Guard, can you pick flowers on this line?" "No," replied the guard. "Oh," replied the American, "I have the seeds in my pocket." In truth the trains are marvelously slow. The official timetables show that with very few exceptions the schedules grant about fourteen to eighteen miles per hour. Much patience is required, long waits at the junctions are often necessary, the seating capacity at even important stations is almost nil. You have to board the trains long before they start because most everyone else does so. You sit cramped in second-class cars or pay big rates for poor first-class accommodations and must not mind dirt too much. Narrow gauge only is in vogue. The country stations have substantial platforms. The railway people are courteous to strangers. After observation of a good many government controlled railways, I venture to express the opinion that only in clean and thrifty little Denmark have I discovered the excellent, up-do-date service which is generally found in countries where the competitive system prevails; and I do not own a cent of railroad stock. A clever man in the New Zealand government employ recently said to me: "You get toadyism in public service as you do not get it in private service; the man who desires to improve things becomes a nuisance; the chiefs of departments do not want to be bothered." I think he was right.

The hotels of this brisk little country are very different from those of America. The ways are very English. In the bedrooms you miss those aids to comfort and cleanliness, the slop jars and waste baskets. Like our English brethren elsewhere, these folks are quite inclined to poke fun at the American enjoyment of private bath rooms. You seldom get running water and must depend on the old time wash basins and pitchers. The beds are medium. The food is good, the puddings splendid, the butter is of the best.

One of the typical charms of New Zealand scenery is the sweeping green hillsides flecked with innumerable sheep. How soft and woolly do they look as they wander over the luxurious grass of vivid green! To hasten from sentiment to cruel fact it may be added that all over the islands are cold storage plants, and that shiploads of mutton, frozen hard as rock, are constantly leaving the ports of the Dominion for remote parts of the world. The business is a leading and profitable one. A friend of mine, an ex-sheep farmer, gives me as his opinion that the reason New Zealand is so remarkably adapted to sheep raising is because in a greater part of the country the soil possesses a large proportion of lime, iron and salt.

But the rabbits—ah, the rabbits! How they harass the farmer! I have heard a man laughingly declare that he had known of scared rabbits being piled up three feet high against a wire fence. Possibly he exaggerated; but Bunny has a hard time of it these days—his skin is very valuable.

As you drive over New Zealand, especially in Taranaki, you every few miles see busy little creameries. Their products are mostly exported. But as is generally the case in English speaking lands, outside of America, you find that the people use boiled milk in their tea and coffee. You long in vain for the richness and joy of genuine, comforting cream. Once in a hospitable New Zealand farm house, whilst our kind hostess was preparing tea, she communicated the fact that they milked fifty-seven cows. "Now," thought I, "we surely shall have cream!" Alas, I was mistaken. So it is almost everywhere in this land of cheese and butter. As in so many other lands we meet blue milk instead and very, very often am I reminded of the immortal "purple cow":

> I never saw a purple cow,
> And never hope to see one,
> But from the blue milk we get now,
> I am sure there must be one.

The folks of New Zealand are alive to the temperance issue and there is observable a sense of handicap and discouragement when brought into competition with a dry United States.

In New Zealand the racing interests constitute a big factor in the national life. There have been, I was told, six great racing weeks in the Dominion during the year, in different parts of the country. A resident of Christchurch informed me that racing week in that pretty little and very churchy town involved changing hands of £120,000 during the week in the government totalizators alone, not counting the un-

known additional sums that passed through the hands of private betters. Several young men whom I have quizzed on the subject thought the government totalizators take in an aggregate of as high as £6,000,000 per annum, but did not know of any governmental reports indicating the exact sum. The totalizators are the government machines, used by the gambling people, from which the government receives 10 per cent of the sums "invested" by the gamblers. Christian workers deplore the situation and the untold harm wrought by this national peculiarity, but seem powerless to check it.

When I endeavor to tell of things as I observed them in New Zealand, I do not forget that America, too, has her national faults as well.

The Maoris are the aborigines of New Zealand. Their numbers are variously estimated as being from 45,000 to 100,000. They are of the same race as the peoples of Hawaii and the South Pacific Islands. Many of them are physically attractive and possessed of much mental capacity. Some of them dress well, have excellent or charming manners and are well educated. One hundred years ago they were cannibals but only ate their enemies who were slain in battle. They objected to the flavor of the white men, saying that our race tasted salty. Their independent character is still preserved, as was shown by the Maori farmer who was ordered by the weed inspector to tear out of his land the blackberry bushes which have become a great nuisance in parts of New Zealand. The Maori demanded, "Who brought them here?" The inspector answered, "The white man," whereupon the Maori replied, "Then let the white man come and take them away." Sir James Allen, the Minister of Defence for New Zealand, told me a story that for chivalry would put to shame many a white man. Years ago the Maoris, thinking they were patriots, rebelled against the British rule, and the British, thinking they were rebels, sent out an army to subdue them. During the war the Maori chief was informed that the English had run out of gunpowder, so he sent some to the British general with this message: "I hear you have no gunpowder—you cannot fight without gunpowder —I send you some."

In the museums you see many interesting mementoes of Maori handicraft before the white people came to upset their really very definite sort of civilization. All their fabrics were made of flax and designs were always circularous. The big baskets and fishing utensils, with sharp bone hooks made of human bones, because it is the hardest, and beautifully spun flax twine are works of art in their way. Nor do I forget the fine carving of the sternposts and bows of their great canoes. Some of the strange hunting articles were sharp-pointed spears, nearly thirty feet in length, with which they would transfix birds. Maori names are everywhere—no waters will ever wash them out of the New Zealand soil.

I hope that Americans and New Zealanders will see more of each other in the coming years. We know little about them and they are often ignorant regarding us. They are a fine people. There will be an international value in more frequent inter-visitation between the two countries. This has been my second visit to New Zealand.

WILLIAM C. ALLEN.

New Zealand, 1919.

SELECTED

EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA

X.

The Industrial Workers and Peasants Under Bolshevism

The Two Greatest Russian Problems

There are two questions which have greatly exercised the Bolshevik government, and no matter what may be the complexion of the ruling powers in Russia these two questions—that of the workmen and that of the land and the peasants—will remain paramount among all the problems of social order and governance. I have purposely left them till the last, hoping to be able to consult my papers for the technical details in which these questions abound; but as I have not yet been allowed to recover my notes, I treat them only in general form, giving an indication of the way in which a solution has been attempted, with such criticisms as my own observation prompted.

One of the central doctrines of Bolshevism is work, everyone up to the age of 60, or until invalided, is supposed to be occupied in work that is useful to the State. This is one of the reasons of the bitter hostility of those who under the former regime lived without work of any kind, oblivious of the fact that, if they lived, someone must be working to supply the means. In a state which is already a great employer of labor and aims at becoming the only one, this doctrine of work implies that the State also controls the distribution of labor, and this in turn implies that the workman must forego much of his freedom, since his labor is arranged for and controlled by the State machine. The manner of this control has vast influence. The extent to which it is considerate or inconsiderate to the individual determines whether it is regarded merely as irksome interference or as blatant tyranny. The possession of high wages and increased leisure does not destroy this opinion, which has evoked hostility among the workmen—a matter easily understood, especially when it is known that large numbers of workmen are not Communists.

In spite of the fact that strikes are looked upon as unnecessary and illegal they do occur. But they are minimized by the character of the trade unions, which are called professional alliances, and are formed not by trades but by industries. All the trades which comprise a particular industry,—e. g., metals or textiles—are organized into one alliance, and this prevents sectional strikes; at the same time a strike in one mill or factory need not affect any other. But the chief lever in the governance of industry is the constant representation of the workmen upwards from the shop committees, through professional alliances and their committees, to the Committee of Supreme Economic Control—the workmen's parliament. The men have thus a direct interest and share in the formation of all regulations affecting them, and if the system were freely acquiesced in by all it would be the apotheosis of co-operation.

A working day of eight hours has been fixed, with less for occupations that are injurious to health, and only six hours between the ages of sixteen and eight-

een, the remaining two hours being spent in study, pay being unaffected. Another feature is the right to a month's holiday with full pay, though the full month has not yet been granted owing to the war conditions, except in the case of the dangerous trades. The ordinary worker has received only two weeks of holiday. At the age of sixty the worker retires on full pay as pension, and if he be invalided or incapacitated before that age a committee decides on the proportion of incapacitation and assesses the retiring allowance accordingly.

The common idea of a Socialistic State as one in which everyone is on a level, all receiving the same rate of pay, is not borne out by Soviet Russia. Elaborate tariffs have been prepared for all classes of occupation without exception, the gradation being very minute, and fixed scales of pay for all the stages apportioned. The labor of drawing up these must have been incredible; it was supplied by the professional alliances and the tariffs are regularly revised. Pay ranged from 600 roubles a month up to 3,000 roubles but a revision provided, from the 1st September, for the lower scale to be 1,200 roubles and the higher 4,000 roubles. Even this is not the highest. Where a much-needed specialist is in question a committee of the Commissaries, after investigating the case, can order any sum to be paid. But such cases are judged on their merits and according to the public need. When I was there Lenin himself received 2,000 roubles a month, a figure a long way below the highest grade of salaries on the former tariff.

There is no reason why any workman should remain in the position fixed for him by the tariff, for by employing his leisure in self-improvement he can advance, and, it was asserted, many do advance. More than that, it was said that the elections to the various committees tend to bring out the men who possess special qualities, and make the system selective of the best brains among the mass of workmen.

Each mill or factory has its workmen's committee, concerned chiefly now about the conditions of work, hygiene, keeping of regulations and the like. Groups of mills belonging to the same industry are arranged in trusts, also with their committee, on which workers, technicians and the professionl alliances are represented, charged with the business operations, distribution of orders, raw material and labor, and controlling the financial business of the mills in the trust. To each mill there is a management committee, where the directors and technicians hold the deciding voice. This state of things is of recent date. In the early stages the change of rule produced chaos; output went down horribly low, and discipline disappeared. It was only after more than a year of experiments that the comparative success of the present was secured.

For industries do really function. Many factories are closed, others are occupied in the making of munitions, but very many function more or less fully, and goods are produced. The absence of raw material has provoked an inventive spirit. Cotton mills, for instance, are working on flax threads cut up into short lengths to imitate cotton fiber; generating stations have been built on the turf marshes for an unlimited supply of power, because of the lack of the ordinary coal and oil fuel and the difficulty of a full supply of wood. One thing seems certain, the Russian has been forced by the conditions of war to be self-sufficient, or, as one mill director put it to me, "We have been forced to learn many things which we shall not forget."

Nationalized and private industries function side by side; the very tariffs are a negation of Communism; circumstances have again proved too strong for the Bolsheviks. Individual freedom is gone; the doctrine of work and the distribution of labor and supplies have seen to that. But a certain measure of success must be granted to the system, and it has the solid support of the Communistic spirits among the workers, and these are among the best and most intelligent, as I know from personal experience.

The land question has also passed through various stages since the March revolution. Before the fall of the Kerensky government the peasants had begun taking the land, and the Bolsheviks, who played for peasant support by promising land, had to regularize what had already been done and keep their promises. The great land owners were expropriated, the land surveyed and divided amongst the peasants who were landless or possessed too little. Even here the doctrine of work was put into force—no one has more land than he and his family can cultivate; there is to be no hired labor. But they tried to overcome the drawbacks of these small holdings by setting up land communes, where the advantages of co-operative farming were worked out in concrete object lessons for the peasants to follow; by establishing stations, some 600 of them, all over the country for the improvement of seeds and of stock, the results being freely placed at the disposal of the peasants, who were beginning to use them, a fact of which I myself had ocular demonstration.

The special domains of the former land owners, often highly cultivated, were retained either as experimental stations or as examples of farming worthy of imitation. In fact, after the act of expropriation is granted, the land policy seems to be a good one, for much has been done to satisfy, instruct and raise the peasant.

But, with it all, the political value of these operations among workers and peasants has always been kept in view. The improvement of hours of labor, of pay, the provision of opportunities for a good use of leisure, are aimed in this sense at providing a solid backing for Bolshevism among industrial workmen, while the giving of land to the landless peasant has undoubtedly produced that very effect among the lowest class of peasant. The rich peasant is left alone, he is generally hostile, but the middling peasant, who is a doubtful political quantity, is made the object of a steady and a powerful propaganda. Among a considerable section of workers, and among the lowest class of peasants, the success of the Bolsheviks is great, and I find it difficult to believe that among them a reversal to the old habits, as practiced by Kolchak and Denikin in the districts they hold, would be tamely accepted. The question of the land, and latterly also that of the improvement of the conditions of workers, have been the *bêtes noires* of Russian life. They were played with under the old regime as pawns in the political game, and, though to some extent the Bolsheviks have done likewise, these have really produced good effects. Workmen have lost their individual freedom, but never before have they enjoyed such conditions; the peasant who lacked land has now got it, and other helps beside. And what will happen if they are asked to give it up, or are forcibly deprived of it? These are questions that should be asked by those who are backing Kolchak and Denikin so unreservedly.

—*W. T. Goode.*

Manchester Guardian.

THE FIELD

The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

MR. HOLMES IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

On February 13th, Rev. John Haynes Holmes will leave New York for a three weeks' trip through the Middle West. He will give numerous addresses before churches, forums, city clubs, labor organizations and so forth, in Rochester, New York; Toledo, Ohio; Chicago, Illinois; Milwaukee and Madison, Wisconsin; and Cincinnati, Dayton, Cleveland, and Columbus, Ohio. He will also speak at several universities under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. His schedule includes something over twenty-five addresses in all.

Mr. Holmes expects to be in Chicago and vicinity from February 20th to 27th. His engagements there as at present arranged during this period are given below. Additional information and further dates will be given next week.

During his stay in Chicago, Mr. Holmes may be reached at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, phone Kenwood 6512.

Chicago.

Friday, Feb. 20, 12:30 p. m.—Luncheon with Fellowship of Reconciliation, Room 302-3, Central Y. M. C. A., 19 S. La Salle St. Phone, Majestic 8452.

Friday, Feb. 20, 8 p. m.—Address under auspices of the Committee of Forty-Eight at Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd.

Saturday, Feb. 21—Address before Woman's Peace Party.

Sunday, Feb. 22, 11 a. m.—Sermon at All Souls Church, 700 Oakwood Boulevard. Public cordially invited.

Monday, Feb. 23, 8 p. m.—Address at Annual Meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, at Wendell Phillips High School, 39th St. and Prairie Ave. "The Race Problem."

Milwaukee.

Sunday, Feb. 22—First of three lectures on "Is Violence the Way Out?"

Tuesday, Feb. 24—Second of three lectures on "Is Violence the Way Out?"

Thursday, Feb. 26—Third of three lectures on "Is Violence the Way Out?"

Madison.

Wednesday, Feb. 25—Address at University of Wisconsin.

A PROTEST AND APPEAL.

Issued in New York City by Christian Ministers.

"We, the undersigned ministers of the Church of Christ, believing that the political institutions of our country commend themselves to the reasons and conscience of mankind sufficiently to stand the test of such freedom of speech as has hitherto, in time of peace, been accorded by our government to the aliens who have come to us for asylum, as well as to our citizens, are moved to make an appeal to the people of the churches of America on account of certain measures, inconsiderately undertaken, which threaten the basic principles of our government.

Three Issues Up.

"We have in mind in particular the deportation of men without judicial trial, the proposed repressive legislation now before Congress, threatening the primary rights of free speech, free press and peaceable assembly; the suspension of Socialists by the New York State Assembly, and other evidences of an excited mood on the part of many of our people.

"We long have been saying that constitutional changes can be effected without violence in America because of our right to free expression of opinion by voice and ballot. We cannot now deny this American substitute for violence without directly encouraging resort to revolution.

"In the conviction, therefore, that our American Institutions will survive because they have the willing allegiance of the majority of our citizens, we urge the people of the churches of America to use their influence for the return to that old faith in the fundamental principles of our civil liberty."

George Alexander, senior pastor, First Presbyterian Church; Charles H. Brent, Episcopal Bishop of Western New York; Benjamin Brewster, Episcopal Bishop of Maine; Chauncey B. Brewster, Episcopal Bishop of Connecticut.

Arthur J. Brown, corresponding secretary, Board of Foreign Missions, Presbyterian Church; William Adams Brown, professor, Union Theological Seminary; Henry Sloane Coffin, pastor, Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church; Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor, First Presbyterian Church; Charles E. Jefferson, pastor, Broadway Tabernacle.

William Lawrence, Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts; Frederick Lynch, editor "Christian Work"; Charles S. McFarland, general secretary Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America; John A. Marquis, general secretary Board of Home Missions, Presbyterian Church; Francis McDowell, department head social service department, New Era Movement, Presbyterian Church.

Arthur C. McGriffith, president of Union Theological Seminary; William Pierson Merrill, pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church; Frank Mason North, president of the Federal Council of Churches, secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, Methodist Episcopal Church; Charles Lewis Slatery, rector of Grace Church; William Austin Smith, editor of "The Churchman"; Ethelbert Talbot, Bishop of Bethlehem; Worth M. Tippy, executive secretary Commission on the Church and Social Service.

PROFESSOR BREASTED IN EGYPT.

Director James Henry Breasted, of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, is now in Egypt, where the members of the Institute's expedition are being assembled at Cairo. The heartiest co-operation on the part of both the British and the French authorities has not only made possible but is materially facilitating the undertaking of explorations. The party will leave for the Tigro-Euphrates Valley about February 10. After reaching the port of Bosra, the sites of ancient Babylonian and Assyrian civilization will be visited. The route will then be westward through Aleppo and southward to Beirut on the Syrian coast.

A force of two detectives, sometimes reinforced by a third, is deployed to watch the house where I live. One of their duties is to dig all my waste-paper out of the ash-barrel and read it. This morning I sent them down a few pages of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason and the Sermons of Jonathan Edwards. Anybody who has any literature suitable for the edification to two loyal and impecunious patriots, will confer a favor by sending it to the *Liberator*.

—*Max Eastman.*

TWO CORRECTIONS.

The hour of the All-Chicago Liberty Mass Meeting at the Coliseum Sunday, February 8, is 2 o'clock, and not 8 o'clock as announced in our last issue. The speakers will be Senator Joseph France of Maryland; John Fitzpatrick; Sidney Hillman of New York; Western Starr of Washington, D. C.; Duncan McDonald; Prof. Scott Nearing and Rabbi Judah L. Magnes of New York. Admission 25 cents.

The recital by Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson at Kimball Hall is Tuesday evening, February 10, as stated in the program printed on Page 352, and not on the 16th as noted in *The Field*.

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THE NEW EDITION, from the press of The Stratford Company, Boston, starts the book upon its thirty-sixth thousand. It contains a new preface by Mr. Jones dated September, 1918, with a footnote by Mr. Gannett, a month later, stating that "the little book now has a memorial value" since the revision and writing of the new preface were among the last tasks performed by Mr. Jones.

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